The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXVII.—NO. 29. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894. PRICE, 3 CENTS

SOCIAL EVENTS OF A WEEK

MIDDLETOWN SOCIETY NOT ALL AT THE SEASHORE.

RECEPTION AT W. A. COMEGYS'

Other Happenings in and Around Town—Our Summer Visitors and Where They are Staying.

SUMMER evening parties, are the chief delight of our young people, and on Thursday evening the most charming soiree of the season was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. A Comegys at their beautiful home on South Broad street, where they entertained their friends delightfully.

The residence was brilliantly illuminated, and the lawn with its cozy nooks, vine clad bowers and inviting retreats, under the sheltering branches of low spreading trees, dotted here and there with Chinese lanterns, made a veritable fairy land scene.

The graceful hospitality of host and hostess was in perfect accord with the charming surroundings, and the happy hours sped rapidly by.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Cochran, Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Gilpin, Mr. and Mrs. S. M Reynolds, Mr and Mrs Edward Reynolds, Dr. I. S. Vallandigham, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Brown, Miss Alice Mills, Clayton; Miss Carrie Brady, Chesapeake City; Miss Carter, Philadelphia; Misses Mabelle and Ethel Parvis, Misses Blanche and Ada Cochran, Miss Helen Naudain, Miss Edith Derrickson, Miss Mary Cochran, Miss Bessie Reynolds, Miss Edith Reynolds, Miss Allie Clarke, Miss Dora Price, Mr. Burngardner, Messrs. Henri Brady, Robert A. Comegys, Dr. J. C. Stites, Hugh C. Browne, J. C. Kelley, Fred. Brady, Howard Pool, Frank P ol, W. R. Reynolds; E R. Cochran, Jr., and A. M. Chamberlaine.

AN IMPROMPTU HOP.

Traveling Minstrels Tempt the Devotees of Terpsichore.

The presence of a violin and harp in town in the hands of those who knew how to use them on Tuesday, was a sufficient bait for our young people to arrange a hop. Accordingly the gymnasium was the scene of gaiety that evening.

The recent removal of the electric lights necessitated some other lighting, and over one hundred candles were pressed into service, and "tallow dips" never shone on a gayer little party.

There were about twenty couples on the floor. The music was bewitching and so were the girls, and although it was such an impromptu affair, everyone agreed that it was "just too lovely for anything," if anyone can tell how lovely that is.

The Italian Minstrels who furnished the music have delighted our people on former occasions.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Two Colored Men of Hamtown Struck by a Train at the Station.

The dead body of Simon Pierce and that of Thomas Evans, badly mutilated, were found at the railroad station early Sunday morning. They had gone to the station late Saturday night to await the arrival of friends who were expected on the early train, and sat down on the platform to rest the while. They found it a cool and pleasant place, and were soon asleep, unconscious that they were too near the South-bound track, and awoke to find themselves being hurled to death by a passing freight, which was an extra through train. Simon Pierce was killed instantly, but Evans, though very badly hurt, it is thought may recover.

The body of Pierce was taken to his home on Lake street, and on Monday the Coroner held an inquest, the verdict being that of accidental death. The funeral took place Monday afternoon.

Simon was a respectable, industrious and peaceable colored man, and his untimely death is much lamented by all who knew him.

DROWNED AT AUGUSTINE PIER.

A Sad Ending of a Day's Outing for a Man of Philadelphia.

Thomas Kilgore, a young man 22 years of age, was drowned at Augustine Pier on Thursday afternoon, while bathing. He came to the Park on the steamer Richard Stockton, with a party of Swedish excursionists who were enjoying the day after the usual custom of popular excursion parties. After dinner young Kilgore went in bathing, and unwittingly got beyond his depth, and being unable to swim went under, and before he could be rescued was drowned. Every effort was made to resucitate him, but to no avail.

Dr. R. B. McKee, of this town, who was present was called upon to examine the body soon after it was brought ashore, and he gave a certificate of accidental drowning. The body was returned to his home 1534 Point Ridgley Avenue, Philadelphia. The pleasure party that came so gaily, went away in sadness.

Mr. Clayton Jones.

Mr. Clayton Jones, one of the most highly respected citizens of Millington, Md., died at his late residence in that town on last Friday. Mr. Jones was about 56 years of age and had been a resident of Millington for the past twenty-five years. He was a wheelwright by trade. Death was due to blood poisoning resulting from a crushed toe from which he had been suffering for the past two months. Interment in Millington cemetery last Sunday at 3 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Mitchell of the M. E. church, South officiating.

Unclaimed Letters.

Following is the list of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office which can be had by saying they are advertised: Mrs. Mary Hall, Mrs Laura Jones, Howard Butcher, Mrs. E. Stevens, Frank Stephenson, George Whaffer.

PERSONALITIES

Little Lines About Men and Women and What They Are Doing.

—Miss Maud Smith is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

—Herbert Smith, of Philadelphia. was in town Saturday.

—Miss Sallie Jolls is visiting Miss Annie Adams in Dover.

—Mr. Harvey Rose spent Sunday with his parents in town.

—Mr. John H. Hoffecker, of Smyrna was in town on Thursday.

—Miss Mary Appleton, of Wilmington, is visiting friends in town.

—Misses Colbourne, of Delaware City are guests of Miss Jodie Biggs.

—Miss Helen Naudain has returned from a sojourn at Cambridge, Md.

—W. F. Metten spent a few days, the first of the week at Betterton.

—Mr. Burngardner, of Lancaster, Pa., is a guest of Robert A. Comegys.

—Miss Green visited her sister Mrs. Graves at Townsend yesterday.

—Dr. Cecil Green, of Newark, spent Sunday with his mother in town.

—Miss Allie Clarke, of Delaware City, is a guest at Mr. George D. Kelley's.

—Miss Maggie Arthurs, of Kenton, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. M. B. Burris.

—Miss Amelia Rosin, of Wilmington is visiting her grandmother in town.

—Miss Hester Jones, is enjoying the bracing mountain air of the Cat-kills.

—Mrs. William Scott and Miss Helen Smith are visiting Thos. Scott at Felton.

—Mrs. Collins and little folks of Cheswold were guests at Dr. Barnard's this week.

—Miss Lucie Cochran and Miss Anita Houston are visiting relatives in New York city.

—Miss Laura Buck, of Philadelphia, is a summer guest at Misses Anderson's pleasant home.

—Mrs. James Reynolds and sons, of Philadelphia, are guests at Mrs. L. A. Price's.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vansant, of Philadelphia are visiting the family of W. W. Wilson.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. Warren Wilson returned to their home in Philadelphia, on Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kern, of Philadelphia, were guests of Mrs. W. H. Brockson this week.

—Miss Lizzie Hopkins is making a two weeks' visit to friends in Wilmington and Philadelphia.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Riven, of Philadelphia, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William King on Thursday.

—Mrs. W P. Biggs, Mrs. George Janvier and little daughter Nellie are enjoying sea-breezes at Atlantic City.

—Mrs. Harry Beaston and little daughter of Philadelphia are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Tatman.

—Samuel Kelley, who is an employe at Strawbridge & Clothier's, in Philadelphia, is home for a little vacation.

—Miss Susie Parker returned home last evening after a delighful visit to the Delaware Villa, Ocean Grove.

—Louis M. Barnard, who has been confined to his bed for the past two months, we are glad to state is much better.

—Miss Bessie Murray who has been a guest ot Miss Mabelle Taylor for several weeks is now visiting friends in Wilmington.

—Mrs. Fannie Goldsborough Sutton, of Philadelphia is among the recent summer guesfs to our town. She is visiting Mrs. H. Clayton.

—Mrs. George D. Kelley and Miss Florence Kelley are summering at Atlantic City, where they will be joined to-day by Mr. Kelley.

—Mrs. Charles B. Constable and little sons Beverley and LeRoy, are making a summer visit to friends in Baltimore, Annapolis and other Maryland cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hudson, of St. Georges, have recently moved to town, and occupy one of the cozy little houses recently buiit by Mrs. Adams on Anderson street.

—Miss Laughlin McDonald, *nee* Cotton, and little son Kenneth of North Carolina, are expected to arrive in Middletown this evening, and will be guests at Thos. Hurn's

—Charles A. Craddock returned to his post at the telegrapeers and mail station on Thursday, after an absence of several weeks, visiting his parents in Philadelphia.

—Miss Corinne Chochran who was taken quite ill at Ingleside this week, is, we hear somewhat better, Miss Fanny Shepherd is with her and hopes that she may be able to come home in a few days.

—J. M. Foster met with a very serious accident one day this week. In removing electric wires from the Gymnasium Hall his ladder slipped causing him to fall from an upper beam inflicting painful injuries to his right arm, which at first was thought to be broken. He is quite disabled from it, and is suffering much pain.

—Miss Broughton, a very popular young lady who visited Miss Frazier several weeks ago, stopped in town between the morning and noon trains yesterday, en route from Elkton to her home in Pocomoke City. She was met at the station by a number of her friends and escorted to Miss Mary Cochran's home where she was given a very delightful luncheon party at 11. oclock Her numerous admirers of both sexes were present, and it was a very enjoyable little party.

—The excursion to Woodland Beach via Steamer Clio was very largely patronized by the Middletown folks on Wednesday. Among those who went were: Mrs. A. M. Browne, Miss Bessie Reynolds, Miss Carter Miss Mablle Taylor, Mrs. Vasey Mrs. Bittle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Talbot and family, Mr. and Mrs. Howland, Messrs Grey Taylor, Harry Johnson W. S. Moore Harry Budd and Rob Johnson. There were six other exersions af this very popular place.

CHURCH NOTES.

The Rev. Wm. R. Harris, of New Jersey, will officiate in St. Anne's Church, at the usual hours to-morrow.

There will be a Grand Rally at Dales' M. E. Church the first Sunday in August, Rev. T. M. Hubbard, former pastor of the church will be present, and other able ministers of the Delaware Conference are expected. A special effort will be made to raise funds for the new church. Work on the new building will be started at an early date.

LITTLE LOCALS.

—The flower beds at the railroad station are very pretty, and in spite of hot suns and dry weather are full of gay and beautiful bloom.

—The reason the young folks confine their summer evening drives to the town limits is doubtless because the sprinkler lays the dust in the streets, while the High ways are clouds of dust,

—The carpenters are busy repairing and modernizing Dr. Vaughan's property on Main and Cass Streets, and when plasteners painters and decorators have had their turn, it will be one of the most attractive homes in town.

—California plums were among the good things in Rice's new stock this week. Any-one who has the notion that California fruit does not not compare with eastern fruit will change their mind if they try these plums.

Farmers should not take the risk of having their grain uninsured in the stack or granery; and since lightning has been so fatal, stock is not safe either in the field or stable. Mr. Cox can insure you against loss in the event of fire.

—The shower on Monday afternnon was very welcome, as it slacked the thirst of the dry and parched earth, revived and reshed vegetation, and raised the spirits of the swell young man who delights to drive out with his summer girl without raising the dust.

—The camp meeting at Trinity A. M. E. Church at Browntown, closed Thursday night after holding two weeks. The meetings were well attended, the Sunday services, especially, attracting large crowds who came in wagons from far and near. There was no disorderly conduct at any time during the meetings.

—The Town Commissioners have caused notices to tramps to be placed around town, notifying all persons who come under that had to "move on." But these "forlorn and shipwrecked brothers" seem loth to leave us, and scarce a day goes by that two or three do not call on us to be fed. Unworthy vagrants though they may be, we can never say nay to a hungry man so long as we've bread and to spare.

BRIEFS.

—Call and examine the cash bargains at Mrs. Massey's Jewelry Store during July.

The New York Weekly *Tribune* and the TRANSCRIPT for a year, for only one dollar. Send your subscription at once.

—Everybody is praising that great school in Wilmington, Del.,—Goldey Commercial and Shorthand College. The graduates get positions. Their catalogue is sent free. See advertisement.

—FOR SALE.—House and lot on Delaware avenue, Newark, Del. Nice 8-room house dry cellar, and good water. Lot 40 by 120 feet. Also stable, workshop and carriage-house combined which will sell or except.

W. B. HART,
3t Newark, Delaware.

—A lady who is a practical book-keeprt and accountant, and thoroughly qualified for any clerical work, desires employment in these lines. Business men and firms wanting a reliable person to straighten up their books can secure her services by applying at the TRANSCRIPT Office.

—BUSINESS CHANCES.—To gentlemen acquainted in fruit and vegetable district, of New Jersey or Delaware, familiar in selection of same for canning and preserving and who can invest $5,000 to $10,000 in such business, active interest in large well equipped packing house will be give. P. P. Co., P. O. Box 1592, Philadelphia, Pa.

"AND THE CAT CAME BACK."

A Feline Devotee That Clings to the Transcript Den.

The proverbial "church mouse" is supposed to take the lead for leanness, but we are now about persuaded that the "printing house cat" will "take the cake" on that score, judging from the one that has recently become very familiar about these precincts. Its gaunt and evident all-goneness awakened the sympathy of the foreman and devil, and in behalf of "poor pussy" they have become regular customers of the butcher and milkman, and this feline bunch of bones evidently thinks it has fallen into very good hands. But if its owner, or anyone who would like to be its owner will call for it, they can have it without any questions being asked. We can truly say that it is of a very affectionate, "clinging" disposition; rather variegated as to color, probably owing to a several days' residence in the coal cellar; but when once it is able to wash its face, we think its personal appearance will be much improved.

The disappearance of a certain roguish mouse that has more than once caused the editor to mount the desk in rather undignified haste, has made puss's residence not an unmitigated evil, though we are free to confess that we will not raise any objections when its owner, rightful or otherwise calls for it.

Hard Trials for Them, too.

It said that the business in the Recorder's office has fallen off materially during these Democratic hard times, and Edwin Reid the chief Clerk, who is a salaried officer has earned more than the Recorder himself during the past month. The other clerks are paid according to the amount of work they do, so much per page for copying deeds, etc. and since real estate is so dull, and few property changes made the clerks have not been able to make but three or four dollars per week lately.

Camp Meeting.

Camp meetings will be held as follows: Chester Heights, Pa., July 19th; Copson's Park, Md., July 24-31st; Jones,' July 28th; Wye, Md., July 31st to August 10th; Camden Union, Del., August 1-14; Ennall's Springs, Md., August 3-13; Concord Del., August 4th; Hepbron Md., August 4-13; Joanna Heights, Pa., August 9-19; Brandywine Summit, August 5-16; Melson's Del., August 11th; Woodland Md., August 14th; Ocean Grove. N. J. August 20-30; Lamb's Woods Del., August 4-14; Crapo, Md., August 17th.

Dr. Cooper's Daughter Injured.

On Monday afternoon Miss Cooper, daughter of Dr. Cooper, of Kenton, had her shoulder fractured and also received other injuries in Smyrna. Miss Cooper, accompanied by her brother and Miss Caulk of Newark, drove into Smyrna on their way to Woodland Beach. The horse became frightened at a severe clap of thunder and Miss Cooper, who was standing at the time on the pavement, fell against the wheel and received the above injuries.

POLITICAL NEWS.

The Presidents Letter to Mr. Wilson Makes a Stir—Mr. Higgins' Opinion—Other Political Matter in and Out of the State.

The House and Senate Conferees on the Tariff Bill decided to disagree on Wednesday and now the real fight on the tariff has just begun. The house is backed by the President, and his letter to chairman Wilson which was read in the House on Thursday has made the greatest sensation of the season in political circles. He rebukes the trust Senators and calls on the House to stand by the cause of "Tariff Reform."

The President urges Mr. Wilson to insist upon a Democratic measure and especially upon free raw materials. He denounces the Senate bill as "far short of consummation for which we have long labored." He points to the absurdity of placing the wool of the farmer on the free list and of protecting the coal and iron ore of the capitalist.

The President thinks it would not be antagonistic te Democratic principals if sugar should be taxed for revenue purposes, but he is not in favor of giving the Trust the protection which is accorded by the Senate bill.

Mr. Wilson read the President's remarkable letter to the House and made a heroic appeal not to surrender to the dictation of the Sugar Trust, but to fight out its fight on reform lines "if it takes all summer."

The President's letter is variously commented upon by leading men and whether it is the right word at the wrong time or *vice versa* will be soon shown.

Senator Higgins says of it:

"This unprecedented action of the President will solidify the Democrats of the House and Senate in their opposition to each other. His letter simply makes it dishonorable for the House to recede from its bill and equally dishonorable for the Senate to recede from the bill it passed. It creates a deadlock. His reference to the Senate was an insult, and the Democratic Senators cannot yield their position without exhibiting the most arrant cowardice."

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, one of the most active and observant of the Republican Senators, says: "That letter makes the defeat of tariff legislation probable. I have not the slightest idea that the Democratic Senators will yield one provision of the Senate bill. After what Mr. Cleveland said, I do not see how it can be possible for the House to yield. If neither yields you have the old problem of an immovable object meeting an irresistible force."

Chicago Says Cease Tariff Agitation

The following telegram was forwarded to Washington Wednesday evening: "Chicago, July 18th.—The Senate and House of Representatives in Congress Assembled, Washington, D. C. The whole country demands that Congress terminate the pending tariff legislation immediately. Failure to dispose of the question quickly will work incalculable loss and irreparable injury to financial and industrial interests." It was signed by twenty banks and eighty of the leading business houses of the city, Marshall Field & Co., and P. D. Armour & Co. leading the list.

J. H. MARVIL FOR GOVERNOR.

A Letter to the Chairman of the State Committee.

The following letter was sent on Monday to Gen. James H. Wilson in Wilmington:

LAUREL, Del., July 16th, 1894.

TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE COMMITTEE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OF DELAWARE:

DEAR SIR—After mature deliberation I have determined to accept the nomination for governor at the hands of the Republican party, if it should tender me the nomination at the state convention. Respectfully yours,

J. H. MARVIL.

Democratic Legislative Candidates.

The Democratic County Executive Committee met in Wilmington Tuesday and apportioned the legislative candidates for the coming election. The two state Senators to be elected were given to Brandywine and St. Georges hundreds. The other legislative candidates were given to Christiana, Mill Creek, Wilmington, New Castle, Red Lion, Pencader and Blackbird hundreds. Wilmington has the holding over senator, and White Clay Creek and Appoquinimink hundreds were left out of the appointment.

The contest for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Kent Co., in Kenton hundred, is beginning to wax warm. The fight is between David S. Wilds, ex-Levy Court Commissioner Thomes A. Rees, and James Wright, ex-Tax Collector. It promises to be a close race.

KATE FIELD'S VERSION.

Kate Fidld says: "My idea of hell is the present state of the country." But Kate should not throw up the sponge. Republicans will soon again be in front and bring order out of confusion. They have proved their ability to do just that.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHEN TO STRIKE.

If striking is to be done it is better to do it when there are two jobs for one man instead of two men for one job.—N. Y. World.

Satolli on Temperance.

Mgr. Satolli, the apostolic delegate, has just rendered a decision condemning the liquor traffic. He approves of the expulsion of liquor dealers from Catholic societies This remarkable decision was called forth by an appeal from the ruling of Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio.

Satolli says the liquor traffic and especially as conducted here in the United States, is the source of much evil; hence the Bishop was acting within his rights in seeking to restrict it. Therefore, the delegate apostolic sustains Bishop Watterson's action and approves of his circular and regulation concerning saloons and the expulsion of saloonkeepers from membership in Catholic societies.

Mrs. M. E. Chatam.

Mrs. M. E. Chatam, the sister of the late Chief Justice Comegys, died at her home in Dover, Sunday morning. The deceased was 72 years of age, and had been for many years one of the most enthuiastic workers of the M. E. Church. All the charitabl institutions of the state capital lose a wise and industrious worker. Her remains were buried in the old M. E. cemetery, at 2 o'clock, Tuesday afternoon.

PENINSULA NEWS.

Wicomico county has fine prospects for a tomato crop which is already being harvested.

The Snow Hill Messenger estimates Worcester's peach crop this season at 5,000 baskets.

A firm in Crisfield ships two or three tons of bay mackerel and blue fish north every day.

Anne Arundel farmers say the prospect for a favorable cantaloupe and melon crop it not promising.

Alfred Clifton died at his home in Camden on Saturday morning last. He was 70 years of age. He leaves a wife and six children.

During the thunder storm on Monday two houses in Smyrna were struck and Mrs Theodore Carrow was shocked and rendered unconscious.

The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, of New Castle held a garden party at the residence of Edward Challenger Monday night.

I D. Bowen, a resident of Chestertown and a graduate of Johns Hopkins, has been elected principal of the Friend's Normal Institute, at Rising Sun.

Lena Carey, a young colored girl, of Bridgeville, who ate a large quantity of cabbage and then on a wager four plates of ice cream, died Monday in great agony.

Work is in progress on the enlargement of the foundry building of the Delaware iron works at New Castle. When completed this will greatly increase lhe capacity of the plant.

Judge G. P. Fisher, of Washinton, will move to Milford early in the fall. Architects are drawing plans for a new residence that he proposes to build at once on West Second Street, South Milford.

Harry F. Hill a progressive young farmer of Kent county, Md., died on Saturday after having three congestive chills. He was a brother of Dr. J. Heighe Hill, who was murdered at Millington two years ago.

Peter Meredith died at his home at Petersburg, Kent county, on Saturday. He was 75 years of age. He was the Democratic candidate for the Legislature from his hundred in 1870, but was defeated. His remains were buried in family burying ground at Petersburg.

A large barn and outbuilding on the on the farm of George G. Ryan, at Bithedale, Cecil county, were destroyed by fire together with their contents. The building and contents were insured in the Farers and Mechanics' Fire Insurance Company of Cecil county.

William Warren, overseer on the farm of Fletcher Wilson, in Elk Neck, Cecil county had his right leg broken. He was driving a team of oxen along the shore when the wagon struck a large drift log. The log rolled down the bank on Mr. Warren and held him fast. A neighbor, hearing his outcry, went to his rescue.

Summer Magazines.

For vacation reading nothing could be better than *Demorest Magazine*, and the August number which is just issued is, we think, the best of all. The table of contents embraces a variety and scope that is rarely covered in magazine literature. The pictures are superb. The water-color panel, "Rival Beauties" will adorn the wall of any ladies' boudoir or parlor, and the full page Gravure is very quaint and pretty. The portrait pages have eight noted characters and with over a hundred other illustrations, it is indeed a beautifully illustrated magazine. The stories, sketches, poems and serials are as timely as pleasing. One of the interesting articles is "Funny Stories told by Famous People," in which Chauncy Depew, Marshall P. Wilder, Buffalo Bill, Beatrice Harraden and others relate some very funny things. Buy this number from your news dealer to take with you on your summer visit. Single copy 20 cents.

Friends' School.

Wilmington as a seat of learning has many advantages to offer pupils who seek admission to its various educational Institutions, and nowhere are there better opportunities for a thorough, liberal, all-round training than are found in the Friends' School on Fourth and West Streets. Both sexes are admitted to the school, and all classes, from the Kindergarten to the High School and Normal Departments have the best instructors and most advanced methods. Having a personal knowledge of the excellence of this school we commend it to any of our readers who desire to send their boys or girls where they will have the best of mental and moral discipline. The advertisement together with other educational institutions appears in our issue of to-day. Send for a catalogue with a full description.

HENRY STEELE.

A Farmer Near Newark Drowned While Swimming.

Henry Steele, a farmer living near Newark, was drowned Thursday eveving while swimming in a mill pond near his home. After finishing the day's work in the harvest field Steele and several farm hands went to Straborn's mill dam, which is only a short distance from the house. All the men were in swimming and were startled by a cry for help from Steele. Before any one could reach him he sank.

His companions were all frightened by the drowning; but notified some of the neighbors. A grappling iron was secured and ths body recovered. It is supposed that Steele was overheated from his day's work and when he went into the water was seized with cramps. He was a good swimmer and the water was not very deep where he was drowned.

Steele was about 35 years of age and leaves a wife and three chidren. He is a son of Robert Steele, of Newark, and a nephew of Henry Steele, the butcher at the same place.

Death of Mrs. Blake.

Mrs. Blake, wife of George A. Blake, of the Elkton bar, and president of the town council of Elkton, died Monday evening after several days' illness, Mrs. Blake, was an active worker and member of Elkton Presbyterian Church. She was also an active worker for the oause of temperance and was secretary of the Cecil County W. C. T. U.

One hundred and ninety-six fresh cases of cholera are reported at St. Petersburg, and seventy-nine more deaths have been recorded.

BASE BALL

The Brownsons were defeated at Camden last Saturday by a score of 11 to 4. Batteries; Camden, Radcliffe and Wiley; Brownson, Foster, Kenney and Hinkle.

Rockford defeated the much-talked of C. A. C. of New Castle at Wilmington last Saturday. Leach was batted everywhere, while Fisher held the New Castle team down to 9 hits and struck out 10 men. The fielding of the C. A. C. was also ragged Score : 16 to 3.

The Clayton Base Ball Association has been organized With R. L. Holliday as president; J. N. Alsip, vice president; W. L. McFarlaue, secretary and treasurer; W. S. Colpitts, manager. The grounds have been enclosed and the opening game will be played to-day with Camden.

Lovers of base ball will no doubt be glad to learn of the game that will be played in the near future, between the single men and the benedicts of this town. The single men have held the championship for the past three years, and will doubtless struggle hard for victory while their opponents, the benedicts boastingly claim their superior ability at the stick.

The Townsend base ball club visited Clayton last Friday and defeated the team of that place. The Townsend boys had their batting clothes on, as they knocked two pitchers out of the box and gave Clayton's crack, Fleming, an equally hard drubbing. Gus Gill, the old "Shoofly" twirler was in the box, the first five innings for Townsend and Clayton could do nothing with his slow, up ball. The score :

Townsend.....5 1 5 5 2 5 1 0 0—24
Clayton......0 0 0 3 4 1 3 0 1—12

Batteries—Townsend, Gill, Stradley and Lattomus; Clayton, Lassel, Whitlock, Fleming, Brown and Harmon. Umpire—Mr. Colpitts.

Dover defeated Camden, at Dover, Wednesday. Captain Terry's heavy hitters could get but 2 hits off Clark, and the fielding of his team was "yellow." Dover knocked Radcliffe out of the box. The score :

Dover..........0 2 1 1 4 0 14—22 14 4
Camden......0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2 2 8

Batteries—Dover, Clark and Zearfoss; Camden, Radcliffe, Kersey and Hansberry.

The Smyrna Base Ball Association was organized last Thursday evening by the election of Thomas McCoy, president; Walton N. Busteed, secretary and treasurer; J. C. Armstrong and A. Lee Cummins, directors; P. D. Brown, manager. With enclosed grounds, a grand stand and an excellent diamond, the team should have success. Hinkle, of Wilmington will catch for them.

PENINSULA PACKERS.

Delaware and Maryland Canners Meet at Dover.

A meeting of the packers of canned goods on the Maryland and Delaware peninsula was held in Dover on Tuesday. The meeting was well attended by representative packers from the whole Peninsula, and an organization was effected under the name of the Peninsula Canned Goods Association. The following officers were elected : James Wallace, of Cambridge, president; J. V. McCommons, of Wyoming, vice president; C. M. Dashiell, Peincess Anne, secretary and treasurer. The object of the association is to foster friendly relations among the packers and for co-operation to secure mutual advantage. A committee was appointed to wait on the transportation companies with a view to a more equitable arrangement of freight rates.

THE SALE OF LAW.

Bitter Words From Democrat Newspaper With a Hint as to the Impending November Cyclone.

Brooklyn "Eagle" (Dem).

When the Senate slaughtered the Wilson Bill each house appointed a committee on its parts to confer on the points in difference between the two bodies. On this joint conference committee, Republicans as well as Democrats were appointed, the latter being a minority. Decency, justite and usage required the due representation of Republicans on the committee.

The committee has never met. The Democratic members of it have got together and have prevented the Republicans from acting with them. The Democaatic members are not the committee. All the members of both parties are the committee. The members of either parties alone are only a rump of the committee. These Democratictic rump purposes to agree on the sale of law to the trusts for money and to the Populists for votes—by the sacrifes of the Democratic promises and principals—before they will let the Republicans on the committee meet with them at all, and then only to dissent when to do so well be useless.

This procedure is not merely scandalous It is Revolutianary, Rump conferences, however, should and fitly do mark the sale of law. The men who do this would be manlier if they took to the highway for a living. The "Eagle" is not surprisrd to learn that the rump conferrers cannot agree on the terms of sale of law. The house end wants to save a shred for the people. The Senate end is best on selling Democracy to the trusts and to the Popolists. The trusts themselves ase massius millions of money for use where millions can be wrung from the people.

The crimes againt law have been put down by force out West. The crimes made into law are being convassed and marketed by the rump conferrers in Washington. A thousand times worse than the impassioned and thoughtless workers of violence out west are the titled sellers of law to trusts and Populists at Washington. But, oh won't there be a reckoning at the polls when an unsold people vote on the sellers of law in this country in November.

Conference Academy.

The Wilmington Conference Academy at Dover is a high grade Boarding and Day School for both sexes, and is one of the most attractive in location and equipment to be found on the peninsula. The Faculty, with Prof. W. L. Gooding as Principal is well chosen, and the boys and girls who are numbered among the pupils, have constantly about them the most refining and elevating influences, together with a course of study that prepares them either for the home, for business or society, and if they desire higher education, are fitted for a University course. This excellent school is among those that are advertised in the TRANSCRIPT.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

TOWNSEND TOPICS.

Mrs. Richard Hodgson is visiting relatives in Clayton.

Mrs. Retta Bates is the guest of her brother, J. D. Stradley.

Miss Julia Staats, of Middletown, is the guest of her parents here.

A goodly number of our citizens went to Woodland on Wednesday.

Mrs. John Stradley has returned from a visit to friends in Baltimore.

Mr John Pierce is quite ill at the residence of James Lee, his son-in-law.

Mrs. John Earnest and children, of Sassafras, spent Thursday in town.

Miss Daisy Lockerman, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with her parents.

Miss Windle, of Wilmington, is the guest of Mr. W. W. Naylor, near here.

W. E. Graves has moved in his new house which is about completed.

The Ladies Aid met at the parsonage last week and, as usual, had a pleasant time.

Miss Natalia Earnest, of Middletown, spent several days with Miss Josie Staats this week.

The Ladies Aid, of Union Church, met at the home of Mr. Harry Deakyne on Wednesday evening.

Miss Dora Bryce, of Wilmington. who has been visiting in this vicinity, returned to her home on Thursday morning.

At the meeting of the Board of Education held on Monday evening, Miss May Enos, of Odessa, was reelected as teacher for the 3d room of the public school.

The open air meeting which was held in the church grove on Sunday evening was well attended. Sunday evening services will be held in the grove so long as the weather is warm.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a Grove meeting on Tuesday evening, the 26th. Rev T. E. Terry, of Wilmington, will address the meeting. The ladies will be prepared to serve ice cream and cake.

The friends here of Mrs. Carrie Rose, of Talequah, I. T., were sorry to receive the sad inteligence of her death, which occurred on June 20th. Mrs. Rose was formerly Miss Larzelere, of New Castle.

CHESAPEAKE CITY.

Henri A. Lindsey Jr., is visiting in Philadelphia.

Delmar Smithers spent Tuesday with friends in Baltimore.

Miss Florence Egee, of Wilmington, is the guest of relatives in town.

Miss Alice Biddle, of Baltimore, was a guest at G. S. Wooley's last week.

Miss Sallie Spear, of Bohemia, was a guest of friends in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Massey and daughter Nellie, are guests at Dr. W. C. Karsner's this week.

Miss Mabel Watts, of Cecilton, has been spending a few days with Miss Bessie Boulden near town.

Miss Rhetta Burris, of Felton, is being entertained by Miss Daisy Jones at her home near town.

Miss Reese Price and Noble Ferguson, of Cecilton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Byron Bouchelle.

Miss Annie Irvine who has been visiting at J. H. Steele's has returned to her home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. James Hopper and sons have returned from a visit among relatives in Baltimore, Easton and other points.

Miss Cora Carter, of this town, and Wilmer McCoy, who resides near town, were married on Wednesday evening of last week at the Elkton M. E. parsonage, by Rev. I. L. Wood.

A sociable given by the members of the guild of the church of the Good Shepherd, was held at the residence of W. P. Howard, "Randalia" faom, near town on Wednesday evening of this week, and about forty five were present. A series of these sociables will be held—the next one being on the 8th of August at the residence of Joshua Clayton, near Mt. Pleasant.

James Buckwith, a very respected citizen of this town, died at his home on Friday evening of last week from heart failure, in the 53d year of his age. The deceased was in apparently good health until about ten minutes before his death, he was sitting in a chair on the pavement just outside his gate when he was seen to fall over, his head striking the step, and several persons ran to assist him, supposing him to have fainted, but death had already visited him, and in a few moments he was a corpse. His funeral took place from his late residence on Monday afternoon, interment was in Bethel Cemetery. He leaves a widow and ten children.

PORT PENN.

JULY 19th, '94.

This has been a lively week at Augustine Park. Yesterday three excursions were expected; one of which was accompanied by a band. To-day also, the south winds brought the enlivening strains of music, and the Presbyterian Sunday school picnic from Delaware City spent the day there.

Crabbing is a favorite amusement just now; two parties from the village and near by, as well as a number of small boys amused themselves in that way this morning with some success. The wharf is a charming resort these hot days.

Franklin Brockson spent Thursday here, calling on his many friends.

Miss Mamie Dilworth, who has been visiting her uncle T. F. Dilworth, left for Virginia yesterday.

Everyone rejoiced in the delightful shower on Monday 17th. It came "like a beneniction which follows after prayer," and lasted only too short a time—as gardens and vegetation generally, sadly need a good soaking.

The colored camp is now in progress in J. B Vandegrift's woods.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR

The New York Weekly Tribune and Transcript.

By a special arrangement with the publishers of the New York Weekly *Tribune*, we are enabled to offer this excellent paper together with the TRANSCRIPT for one year for only one dollar. The *Tribune* is the leading New York weekly. A 20 page paper founded by Horace Greely. Especially the paper for farmers. The TRANSCRIPT is the only Republican paper in New Castle County outside of Wilmington, and is devoted to local and general news.

BLACKBIRD

Mrs. R. C. Brockson is quite sick.

Orvilla Humes of Odesss is at Mr. and Mrs. Money's.

Mr. John Hutton and wife of Dover spent Wednesday among friends near town.

If rumors are authentic, there will be a joyous wedding not far from here in the near future.

James Legates of Dispatchers office of Clayton, spent Sunday with his brother-law, John Bradley.

Mr. P. Z. Macy and wife also Theodore Ferguson and sisters, spent Wednesday at Woodland Beach. and all had a pleasant time.

Oscar Humes, of Philadelphia, accompanied by his wife and sister spent Friday and Saturday with friends here.

Mr. W. Fennemore is engaged on the Public Highway with his horse and cart filling holes and otherwise improving the the roads.

Corn was curling up, and the grass dying when the most welcome rain came on Monday and greatly revived the growing crops, and laid the dust much better than the most approved street sprinkler.

A GREAT COMBINATION.

Effected by H. P. Scott, of Wilmington—The Peninsula to be Opened Up.

For some time past there have been intimations that a very important railroad and steamboat transaction was taking place which would very materially aid in the development of the lower part of this Peninsula.

Through the energy of Mr. H. P. Scott, of Elliott, Johnson & Co., the well-known bankers of Wilmington, there have been purchased the Baltimore & Eastern Railroad Co., the Choptank Steamboat Co., the Maryland Steamboat Co., and the Eastern Shore Steamboat Co. Captain Willard Thomson, of Wilmington, has been receiver of the railroad company as well as general manager of the Eastern Shore Steamboat Co., and it was his plan that these companies could best be managed through consolidation, and that the Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake Bay, whose traffic they practically control, could be best developed by a company with sufficient ability to furnish the best transportation facilities.

Mr. Scott has succeeded in securing the financial support, in his undertaking of Mr. John E. Searles, of the American Sugar Refining Co., and his friends. A new company will be formed which will take over these properties, probably with a capitalization of $1,000,000 common stock and $1,500,000 preferred and $1,250,000 first mortgage 5 per cent. 40 year gold bonds.

The properties which will go into the company will comprise about 90 miles of railway, which have been relaid with new steel rails within the last three years, very valuable rolling stock, equipment, terminal properties, &c., 15 first class boats, a majority of which are as magnificent as any bay steamers, and considerably over 100 wharf properties, including South street wharf, Baltimore.

Mr. Scott's firm will probably offer the bonds to its trade in the near future. They will be a first mortgage on all these properties, which cost to build upwards of $3,000,000.

Since the interest on the bonds will amount to but about $60,000 per year, and these companies under competition have been averaging a net total of about $200,000, these bonds will be exceptionally attractive.

Probably no section of the world is better adapted for trucking purposes than the lower part of this Peninsula, and with able money assistance and modern transportation facilities it should be one of the most thickly populated parts of the United States. It grows almost everything that is palatable, from soft-shell crabs to potatoes, and since its products are almost exclusively food products very little injury is felt from business depressions. Its stuff is perishable and must be shipped out, consequently transportation earnings are practically sure. It is intended to associate with the new company proper immigration agencies.

The names of the gentlemen mentioned are sufficient to assure all proper financial assistance. In addition to those given, Mr. Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore, and some of the Eastern Shore people of Wilmington will be associated with the new management.

Anything that improves and develops a portion of this Peninsula will have a favorable effect on this State, even though present operations are not within its limits, and this movement is looked upon as one of the most important for good that has yet been taken.

WIND AND HAIL.

Corn Fields, Houses and Trees Injured by Monday's Storm.

A severe hail and wind storm passed over the vicinity of Massey's at about 4.30 on Monday afternoon. A suspiciously pink-looking cloud came around from the northwest, and one of the heaviest blows experienced for many years soon swept down. The roof from the process room of the new cannery building of ex-County Treasurer C. S. Hurlock was blown off, trees were blown down, or the tops wrenched off as though they had been traws. Mr. Hurlock states that the wind was terrific, and that hail fell for several minutes as large as pigeon eggs. The hail cloud did not strike his corn field, and consequently he suffered no serious loss.

The corn fields of Thomas Roe and Herman Massey were struck by the hail, and their corn literally riddled. Mr. Massey reports the hail stones os being of enormous size.

Thomas Dunn's corn crop was badly injured, as also several other fields, but not so seriously as the crops of Messrs. Roe and Massey.—*Chestertown Transcript*.

MENU FOR TO-DAY.

BREAKFAST.
Raspberries.
Fish Balls.
Fried Potatoes. Scrambled Eggs.
Coffee. Rolls.

LUNCH.
Cold Ham, Sliced
Toast. Raw Tomatoes.
Blackberries. Sponge Cake.
Iced Tea.

DINNER.
Bean Soup.
Roast Beef.
Roasted Potatoes. Summer Squash.
Cauliflower, with Tartar Sauce.
Cucumber Salad.
Peach Sherbet.
Coffee.

The Middletown Transcript

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

OFFICE—MAIN AND BROAD STREETS, MIDDLETOWN, - DELAWARE.

MARY F. BURRIS, EDITOR.

THE TRANSCRIPT is published every Saturday Morning, and delivered by Carrier to subscribers residing in Middletown.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at as reasonable a rate as is compatible with a high-class newspaper having a large and constantly increasing circulation.

ADVERTISING RATES—For Display Ads, 50c per inch for first insertion, 25c per inch for every succeeding insertion.

Yearly ads, 10c per inch.

LOCAL ADS—Under "Briefs," 5c per line, Pure Reading Notices with heading, 10c per line.

BILLS must be paid monthly.

CHECKS, money orders or postal notes should be drawn to the order of, and Communications should be addressed to

THE TRANSCRIPT,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

☞NO communications published unless accompanied by full name of the writer

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., JULY 21, 1894.

The date on the label on your paper shows the time to which your subscriptin is paid

THE GOSPLE OF THE STRIKE.

In the early part of July '92, a trouble arose between the proprietors and employees of the Iron and Steel works at Homestead, Pa., as a result of which the employees of the Carnagie works went on a strike, took possession of the property of their employers and instituted a reign of terror in the neighborhood. In order to protect their property from total destruction, the proprietors of the iron works undertook to place watchmen in the buildings, and chose the early hours, before day, for the carrying into effect this purpose, thinking that the rioting strikers would not be abroad at so early an hour; but, in this they were disappointed, for the mob met them at the portals of their own property, and shot down and murdered, in cold blood, a large portion of the watchmen whom it was proposed to put in possesion of it, and for many days thereafter riot, bloodshed and murder were rampant at Homestead, to such an extent as to shock and alarm thoughttul and law-abiding people, and more so, because of the apparent unwillingness of the Governor of Pennsylvania to send the State militia to the scene of bloodshed, or in fact to do anything towards stopping the destructian of life and property till public sentiment drove him to it.

In the face of this condition of things it is a notorious fact that throughout the whole length and breadth of this land the Democratic press, with one, perhaps two, notable exceptions, did all in its power to justify, inflame and lead on the impassioned mob in its work of destruction. On the United States Senate, the Hon. D. W. Voorhees, with other leaders of the Democrat party, made speeches which might well have been accredited to Johan Most. But this was not enough; Grover Cleveland, standing then as the candidate of the Democrat party, for President of the United States, in his opening speech of the campaign in Madison Square Garden, referred to the doings of this modern Jacobin club as a "scene in the very abiding place of high protection, that mocks the hopes of toil, and attests the tender mercy the working man receives of those made selfish and sordid by unjust governmental favoritism." What sane man, for one minute, can doubt the appalling influence of an utterance like that at such a time, and from such a source? In the light of subsequent events, no thoughtful man can doubt but that that speech, together with a party press in support of it, accomplished the end for which it was sent, and secured for Mr Cleveland the vote of every anarchist in this country, and the support of every disciple of the gospel of discontent. But in accomplishing this end, evil of a much more far-reaching character was set in motion. Mr. Cleveland and his party press were playing politics, but the deluded men whom they sought to win, took them at their word and the Debs insurrection followed. The city of Chicago was well chosen as the scene for this plot, being within the domain of a governor who is recognized as the friend and companion of anarchists and upon whom they relied for support; and when the President promptly sent troops from the regular army to Chicago, and that in the face of the protests from the Governor of Illinois, no more surprised and disappointed people could be found than those promoters of anarchism, and we have on our desk reports of public meetings at which their leaders denounce the President in the most violent terms, saying they would never have voted for him if they had known he would have extended the strong arm of the government to the "protection of capital." By the prompt action of the President this insurrection was stamped out and the turbulent mob has retired to its lair to come forth again at an opportune time. We are now at liberty to take a retrospect of all that led up to those acts of lawlessness, and to draw therefrom a lesson that may serve us well in time to come. When we come to rightly understand that greed for office is not patriotism, and that love of power is not love of country; when we come to discern the danger that lurks in the creed of the beggar for office, when we learn as a people, to put the right estimate upon leaders and parties who seek political gain in an attempt to divide the people of this country into classes and array one against the other, we will have gone a long way towards making impossible such scenes of turbulence and blood shed as have disgraced our land in the last two years.

Notwithstanding the fact that, practically, the whole press and people were with the President in the late riots, yet, if it had been so that a President chosen from the Republican party had been in the White House at that time, and that President had sent United States troop to Illionis in the face of a Democrat governor, a howl of execration would have gone up from the Democratic press and people such as would have rent the Heavens.

STRIKES have never yet settled a principal in dispute, nor bettered the condition either of the employed or employer.

IF Ambassador Bayard has not politics in his mind why does he select the time he does to return home? It may be a "coincidence."

THE New York Constitutional Convention turns a cold shoulder on the woman suffrage question and still the women are hopeful.

ST. GEORGES HUNDRED, according to the Democrat apportionment gets a State Senator. As usual the nomination will come from East St. Georges.

THE New York World suggests that Ambassador Bayard's coming visit to Delaware has nothing to do with an "emergency." He is simply worried about the peach crop.

WE print in another column what the Newark Ledger says of boodle candidates. It looks very much as though the Democracy were going to disregard the advice of the Ledger.

WILLARD SAULSBURY'S letter to Ebe Tunnel, soliciting the latter to allow his name to be used for Governor is the greatest confession of weakness we have heard from a Democrat yet.

THE story on the adjoining page, by the popular authoress, Miss Harraden, will be read by her admirers with increased interest, since it is known that she too is a musician of marked talent.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD has amused himself recently by reading "Ships That Pass in the Night" which it is pertinently suggested, may have been an antidote for for the cars that did not pass in the day.

THE pleadings of Willard Saulsbury with Ebe Tunnel in the famous letter to the latter, combined with the fact of Ambassador Bayard returning home, during the campaign, is very strong evidence of the desperate straights into which the Democrat party has gotten itself.

PRESIDEDT CLEVELAND signed the bill on Tuesday which makes Utah a sovereign State, and in 1896 the Latter-Day-Saints will be in the Union, the Mormon church having professed to give up polygamy, which has always been the chief objection to Utah entering the sistehood of States. New Mexico and Arizona will be the next to follow.

IF Congress would pass the appropriation Bill, including a provision for raising the standing army to 75,000 men, and then adjourn, it would receive the everlasting gratitude of a long suffering, though greatly wronged people. For the sake of the manufacturers, for the sake of the miners, for the sake of capital, for the sake of labor, for the sake of every man, woman and child in the land and for God's sake! Go home!

So Mr. Bayard is coming home about election time to see "my people?" What wonderful consideration he expresses for "my people." How much he has considered them in the past! How much did he consider them when he was stirring up discontent by his almost anarchistic speeches in the last campaign? How much did he consider them when he acqiesced in the disfranchisement of thousands of his fellow citizens? "My people" are they?

ARE the Democrats of Delaware so desperate that they must call on the Ambassador to England to return home and manage the campaign for them. Are not the affairs safe in the hands of Chairman Handy and Treasurer Saulsbury? It does not seem so or Mr. Bayard would not be called home. It strikes us as a very serious reflection on the present Democrat party management that they do not feel able to run the campaign alone, but must call in the assistance of the ex-Secretary of State.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY says she is tired talking "Woman's Rights." Anybody but Susan would have been tired long ago. She is quite an old woman now, and for the greater part of her nearly four score years she has lead what seemed a forlorn hope. No wonder she is tired. But the remembrance of what she has done for her sex will never fade from the memory of the true American woman; and while she may, with impunity, be called a crank, she is entitled to the first rank among the great hearts and great minds or the nineteenth century.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, July 18th, 1894.—The alleged conference of committees from the House and Senate on the tariff bill, which is actually only a conference between eight Democrats and the various trusts which demand protection of their interests in payment for past and future contributions to the Democratic corruption fund, is still going on, and form what has leaked out there has been some very lively word battles in the committee room in which the meetings are held. Little Mr. Wilson, who by order Mr. Cleveland was put at the head of the House Ways and Means committee, got so worked up at one of these meetings at the various demands made on behalf of the trusts by the Senators that he left the room in a huff and swore he would have nothing more to do with it. However, after a consultation with boss Cleveland he thought better of it and is again a regular attendant of the meetings, and before the thing is closed will probably vote as meekly for what the trusts want as any of his colleagues. No indications of when the legal conference, which will be attended as by law provided by the entire committees appointed by the Vice President and Speaker of the House respecttively, will begin, has been given to the six Republicans who are members of those committees.

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Senator Hale's resolution calling attention to the irregular and illegal status of the meettings now being held may be heard form again in a way that will be both unexpected and unpleasant to the Democrats and the trusts. when conference committees were by law provided for in cases of disagreement between the House and Senate on pending legislation it was not with the intention that the members of the majority party should devote days and weeks to bargaining and dickering with each other in order to arrive at a cut and dried agreement which should then be sprung on the minority and solidly supported by the majority. On the contrary, it was intended that the conference should be all that the term implies—a full and free discussion of the points of difference between the House and Senate, by all of the representatives of the House and Senate, and not by representatives of only the political parties that happen to be in control of those bodies, and never until now has that intention been deliberately violated, although there have been hundreds of conferences held. Senator Voorhees admitted that a mistake was made by not inviting the Republicans to be present at the first meeting held, but so far as known he has taken no step to correct that mistake. Strictly speaking those eight Democrats have no legal right to tinker with that tariff bill in the forced absence of the six Republican members of the conference committee, and and their attempt do so may make trouble for them and their party. This tariff business is a long way from being settled.

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Some of the Democrats have suddenly discovered that Utah will probably go Republican and so greatly are they exercised over it that they tried to get Mr. Cleveland to veto the bill for the admission of that territory to the union. Mr. Cleveland did not want the Utah bill passed at this session of Congress, but as it would be difficult to find a good reason for vetoing, he signed it.

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The commission which Mr. Cleveland has agreed to appoint under the act of 1888, to investigate the railway strike, is not likely to secure any very valuable infomation, inasmuch as it will have no authority to get at the bottom of the trouble by investigating the causes of the strike against the Pullman company, which was responsible for all the rest. It can only deal with interstate railways and their employees. It is difficult to understand how the labor organization got the idea that this commission would have authority to arbitrate. One section of the law under Mr. Cleveland will appoint the two additional commissioners to serve with the United States Commissioner of Labor in making this investigation does authorize arbitration by such a commission, but only after application has been made by both parties to the controversy for arbitration.

—

Just to show the country that it can do business rapidly when so minded, the Senate has in one week passed no less than nine of the regular appropriation bills, and the programme for the present week includes the passing of the other five. With all the appropriation bills of the way only the tariff bill will stand in the way of adjournment.

—

There is a feeling of relief in Congress and in administration circles at the failure of the strike, which by reason of the non-action of the half anarchist Democratic governor of Illinois, at one time threatened to become a very serious matter. The Attorney General has asked for an appropriation of $255,000 to pay the extra expenses incurred by reason of the strike by the Department of Justice. The War Department estimates have not been made up.

—

Senator Allen, of Nebraska, is the latest victim of the personal explanation. He told the Senate Saturday that it was not true as published a few days previously that he had made a monkey of himself while in a glorious state of intoxicaiion. The least said about the matter, the better.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube be restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for Circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Oh io

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Sunday school teacher—Why was Lot's wife turned to a pillar of salt? Tommy—'Cause she was too fresh.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Dr. Vaughan's Pharmacy.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Diomondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract; "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rivers Janction she was brought down with pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruptions and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at Dr. Vaughan's Pharmacy. Regular size 50c. and 1.00.

"I want something that will make me sleep, doctor." Doctor—What's the trouble? "It's a tooth coming." Doctor—One of your wisdom teeth? "Goodness. No; one of the baby's teeth."

If Still Alive.

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman, as he stepped into a drug store "Yes sir we do if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk. Never was a druggist called upon to answer such a qustion, after selling a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Do not be hopeless although you are thin and pale. In spite of a dry hacking cough, night sweats, and slight spitting of blood, you need not fiill a consumtive's grave Take the "Discovery" and you will soon get rid of the troubles which harass you, But do not delay. Delay may mean death and that mistake you can not rectify. Sold under a positive guarantee of cure if taken in time—or money returned.

Mrs. Hicks—Are you sure that you married me for myself alone? Hick—Of course. Having your mother to live with us was not strictly an idea of mine.

Adolphus paused outside the door.
To interview the scraper;
Within those walls her father sat
Intent on Sunday's paper.

Six times before he'd sought that door
On this same mission bent;
His courage failed—but now to-night
He'll ask papa's consent.

"Respected sir, I've come to tell—
To ask my fate—oh, seal:
Oh, since the early spring time came
I've felt—I mean—I feel—"

Adolphus paused with pallid cheek.
"Why boy—don't look morose!
Its biliousness! I've had it here—
"Pierce's Pellets" take!"

The "Pellets" cure constipation, biliousness, indigestion, piles, and derangements of stomach liver and bowels.

Talk about energy! Has any one more than the woman who works the beefsteak pounder that wakes you up in the morning?

Nothing Strange.

Intelligent people, who realize the important part the blood holds in keeping the body in in a normal condition, find nothing strange in the number of diseases Hood's Sarsaparilla is able to cure. So many troubles result from impure blood, the best way to treat them is through the blood. Hood's Sarsaparill vitilizes the blood.

Hood Pills cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

"What a horrid humbug you are!" "Why, my dear?" "Why, you said to Mrs. Longchild that she didn't look as if she could be the mother of Miss Longchild, and she looks to be ninety!" "I know it, but she looks like an old maid."

She—You have met the beautiful Miss X., have you not? What do you think of her? He—She is one of that sort of woman that any man could die for, but none could live with.

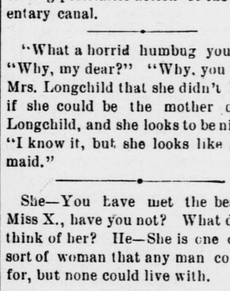
Isn't it a nuisance to have a treacherous memory? Not always. Some days ago my wife told me not to forget to call a veterinary physician for her poodle or it would die. I forgot.

Aunty (finishing story)—And so Prince Goodygood married her and they lived happily ever afterwards. Helen (thoughtfully)—Now tell us a true story, aunty.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, each botttle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at Dr. Vaughan's Pharmacy.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder Highest of all in leavening strength—Last United States Government Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder Co
106 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Our Woman's .....Column

Choice Bits of Feminine Gossip on Diet, Dress, Etc—Things a Woman Never Owns Up To

THE GOSSIPING GIRL.

Oh, the gossiping girl with artless smile
Is a pleasant sight to see,
As she talks of her neighbor's faults meanwhile
With a savor of charity.

"You havn't heard!" she exclaimed with a smile.
"Oh, yes; it is realy true.
I'm sure no one's more surprised than I—
She was such a fine girl, too!"

Oh, the gossiping girl is an innocent thing
And she has for us all a charm;
With her tongue that carries its daily sting
For she never means any harm.

I once knew a fellow the best of men.
Whom I counted my life-long friend
But when he married a gossiping girl, and then
Our friendship came to an end.



WOMEN throw themselves into physical bankruptcy by the worthless stuffs they eat and drink.

Feminine diet, lady dishes and angel foods are some of the synonyms of malnutrition used by doctors and chefs.

The manager of one of the largest dry-goods stores in New York says, accounting for the dearth of old women in business, "They are too sick and cranky to have about. We don't like to have unhealthy people at the counter. The average life of a business women is ten years. Few are serviceable after that We get girls here at eighteen; pretty, amiable and wide awake. At the end of five years they are worn out—not worked out— but worn out. We move them about and they drop off I don't know what becomes of them."

The cause is undoubtedly a diet of ice water, fried egg, highly seasoned salads, soda water, ice cream and candy. If one wants to live and work, eat such a lunch as this:

Broiled lamb chop on toast, piping hot mutton chop two inches thick, broiled squab on toast or poached eggs on toast, with the heart of a half dozen lettuce, a juicy peach and a tumblerful full of tea or coffee or milk.

⁂

Boston has a five cent resurant for women. It was suggested by the success of a similar eating house for men. Such places are not supplied with all the delicacies of the season, but they sustain life, and that has been something since last autumn.

⁂

In dieting for beauty a milk breakfast is excellent. The taste of the individual and her position in life will need to be taken into consideration. A daughter of indolence, a wife of elegant ease or a girl reared in the lap of luxury might have the milk-white complexion of a baby if she took milk alone; but the woman who has to hustle for the means to pay the dairyman would be better for a basin of milk toast, well buttered and salted, with a glass of hot milk for dessert.

Boiled rice and milk, bread and milk, hominy with melted butter and a pint of boiling hot or sterilized milk all come under the head of a diet for lily-white complexion,

⁂

Every woman enjoys the sense of daintiness which a spotlessly clean white petticoat gives. But not every woman can afford this luxury. The laundry bill which is sure to stare her in the face is apalling. Less expensive and almost as dainty are the new underskirts of linen dimity. They are ecru in color and made with a deep ruffle tastefully embroidered in dark shades of silk. Price, $2.98.

Skirts of black mohair or moreen wear much better than petticoats of silk. They have much the same effect when made with silk ruffles. Don't make the ruffles of old silk, which you may have in the house, left over from a gown which has seen better days. There is no economy in it. The ruffles will become worn before you have had the skirt a week. It pays to buy good silk for this purpose.

⁂

Mrs. Ballington Booth resides at Montclair, N. J. She is the mother of a sturdy liitle son of 6 years and a baby girl 16 months old. Although she is so much engaged in lecturing and Salvation Army work, her home is well kept and her children are healthy and sunny tempered. Mrs. Booth manages to make her trips short, with frequent returns home, where all her time, aside from her office work, is devoted to her children. "We have such good times together!" she says.

⁂

The garbage barrel or tub should be thoroughly washed once a week. These warm days, after the barrel has been cleaned, sprinkle into it one teaspoonful of carbolic acid mixed with half a cupful of cold water. This will prevent offensive odors.

⁂

When the white meat of chickens has been used for salads or for some company dish the legs will make a delightful dish of cutlets. Separate the first and second joints and simmer until tender in water flavored with soup vegetables. Put the joints in press between two flat dishes with a weight on top and when cold trim them neatly into the shape of cutlets. Dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry a golden brown. A really handsome dish may be made of these by placing balls of mashed and fried potatoes, cauliflower boiled and broken into florests or canned peas in the centre, the cutlets around and a cream sauce poured over all.

⁂

What a Woman Never Admits.

That she is in love.
That she ever flirted.
That she laces tight.
That she is tired at a ball.
That she is fond of scandal.
That her shoes are too small.
That she cannot keep a secret.
That it takes her long to dress.
That she has kept you in waiting.
That she uses anything but powder,
That she says what she does'nt mean.
That she blushed when you mentioned a particular gentlemen's name.

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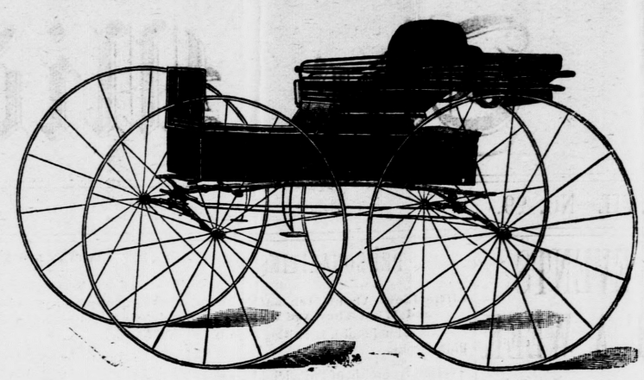
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A Bird of .....Passage

A Story By Beatrice Harraden—Author of "Ships That Pass in the Night.



T was about 4 in the afternoon when a young girl came into the salon of the little hotel at C——, in Switzerland, and drew her chair up to the fire.

"You are soaked through," said an elderly lady, who was herself trying to get roasted. "You ought to lose no time in changing your clothes."

"I have not anything to change," said the young girl, laughing. "Oh, I shall soon be dry!"

"Have you lost all your luggage?" asked the lady, sympathetically.

"No," said the young girl, "I have none to lose." And she smiled a little mischievously, as though she knew by instinct that her companion's sympathy would at once degenerate into suspicion!

"I don't mean to say that I have not a knapsack," she added, considerately. "I have walked a long distance—in fact, from Z——."

"And where did you leave your companions?" asked the lady, with a touch of forgiveness in her voice.

"I am without companions, just as I am without luggage," laughed the girl.

And then she opened the piano and struck a few notes. There was something caressing in the way in which she touched the keys. Whoever she was she knew how to make sweet music; sad music, too, full of that undefinable longing, like the holding out of one's arms to one's friends in the hopeless distance.

The lady bending over the fire looked up at the little girl, and forgot that she had brought neither friends nor luggage with her. She hesitated for one moment, and then she took the childish face between her hands and kissed it.

"Thank you, dear, for your music," she said gently.

"The piano is terribly out of tune," said the little girl suddenly, and she ran out of the room and came back carrying her knapsack.

"What are you going to do?" asked her companion.

"I am going to tune the piano," the little girl said, and she took a tuning hammer out of her knapsack and began to work in real earnest. She evidently knew what she was about, and pegged away at the notes as though her whole life depended on the result.

The lady by the fire was lost in amazemant. Who could she be? Without luggage and without friends and with a tuning hammer!

Meanwhile one of the gentlemen had strolled into the salon, but hearing the sound of tuning and being in secret possession of nerves he fled, saying, "The tuner, by Jove!"

A few minutes afterward Miss Blake, whose nerves were no secret possession, hastened into the salon, and in her usual imperious fashion demanded instant silence.

"I have just done," said the little girl. "The piano was so terribly out of tune; I could not resist the temptation."

Miss Blake, who never listened to what any one said, took it for granted that the little girl was the tuner, for whom M. le Proprietaire had promised to send; and having bestowed on her a condescending nod, passed out into the garden, where she told some of the visitors that the piano had been tuned at last, and that the tuner was a young woman of rather eccentric appearance.

"Really, it is quite abominable how women thrust themselves into every profession," she remarked, in her masculine voice. "It is so unfeminine, so unseemly."

There was nothing of the feminine about Miss Blake. Her horse-cloth dress, her waistcoat and high collar, and her billycock hat were of the masculine genus. Even her nerves could not be called feminine, since we learn from two or three doctors (taken off their guard) that nerves are neither feminine nor masculine, but common.

"I should like to see this tuner," said one of the tennis players, leaning against a tree.

"Here she comes," said Miss Blake, as the little girl was seen sauntering into the garden.

The men put up their eyeglasses and saw a little lady, with a childish face and soft brown hair, of strictly feminine appearance and bearing. The goat came toward her and began nibbling at her frock. She seemed to understand the manner of goats, and played with him to his heart's content. One of the tennis players, Oswald Everard by name, strolled down to the bank where she was having her frolic.

"Good afternoon," he said, raising his cap. "I hope the goat is not worrying you. Poor little fellow! This is his last day of play. He is to be killed to-morrow for table d'hote."

"What a shame!" she said. Fancy to be killed and then grumbled at!"

"That is precisely what we do here," he said, laughing. "We grumble at everything we eat. And I own to being one of the grumpiest—though the lady in the horse-cloth dress yonder follows close upon my heels."

"She was the lady who was annoyed at me because I tuned the piano," the little girl said. "Still it had to be done. It was plainly my duty. I seemed to have come for that purpose."

"It has been confoundedly annoying having it out of tune," he said. "I've had to give up singing altogether. But what a strange profession you have chosen! Very unusual, isn't it?"

"Why, surely not," she answered, amused. "It seems to me that every other woman has taken to it. The wonder to me is that any one ever scores a success. Nowadays, however, no one could amass a hugh fortune out of it."

"No one indeed!" replied Oswald Everard, laughing. "What on earth made you take to it?"

"It took to me," she said, simply. "It wrapped me around with enthusiasm. I could think of nothig else. I vowed that I would rise to the top of my profession. I worked day and night. But it means incessant toil for years if one wants to make any headway."

"Good Gracious!" I thought it was merely a matter of a few months," he said, smiling at the little girl.

"A few months!" she repeated scornfully. "You are speaking the language of an amateur. No; one has to work faithfully year after year; to grasp the possibilities and pass on to greater possibilities. You imagine what it must feel like to touch the notes, and know that you are keeping the listeners spellbound; that you are taking them into a fairyland of sound, where petty personality is lost in vague longing and regret."

"I confess I had not thought of it in that way," he said, humbly, "I have only regarded it as a necessary everyday evil, and to be quite honest with you, I fail to see now how it can inspire enthusiasm. I wish I could see," he added, looking up at the engaging little figure before him.

"Never mind," she said, laughing at his distress; "I forgive you; and, after all, you are not the only person who looks upon it as a necessary evil. My poor old guardian abominated it. He made many sacrifices to come and listen to me. He knew I liked to see his kind old face, and that the presence of a real friend inspired me with confidence."

"I should not have thought it was nervous work," he said.

"Try it and see," she answered. "But surely you spoke of singing. Are you not nervous when you sing?"

"Sometimes," he replied, rather stiffly. "But that is slightly different." (He was very proud of his singing, and made a great fuss about it.) "Your profession, as I remarked before, is an unavoidable nuisance. When I think what I have suffered from the gentlemen of your profession I only wonder that I have any brains left left. But I am uncourteous."

"No, no," she said. "Let me hear about your sufferings."

"Whenever I have specially wanted to be quiet," he said, then he glanced at her childish face, and he hesitated. "It seems so rude of me," he added. He was the soul of courtesy, although he was an amateur tenor singer.

"Please tell me," the little girl said, in her winning way.

"Well," he said, gathering himself together, "it is the one subject on which I can be eloquent. Ever since I can remember I have been worried and tortured by those rascals. I have tried in every way to escape from them, but there is a cruel fate working against me. Yes; I believe that all the tuners in the universe are in league against me, and have marked me out for their special prey."

"All the what?" asked the little girl, with a jerk in her voice.

"All the tuners, of cousre," he replied, rather snappishly. "I know that we cannot do without them; but good heavens! they have no tact, no consideration, no mercy. Whenever I've wanted to read or write quietly that fatal knock has come at the door, and I've known by instinct that all chance of peace was over. Whenever I've been giving a luncheon party the tuner has arrived, with his abominable black bag and his abominable card, which has to be signed at once. On one occasion I was just proposing to a girl in her father's library, when the tuner struck up in the drawing room. I left off suddenly and fled from the house. But there is no escape from these fiends. I believe they are swarming about in the air like so many bacteria. And how, in the name of goodness you should deliberately choose to be one of them, and should be so enthusiastic over your work, puzzles me beyond all words. Don't say that you carry a black bag, and present cards which have to be filled up at the most inconvenient time; don't——"

He stopped suddenly, for the little girl was convulsed with laughter. She laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks; and then she dried her eyes and laughed again.

"Excuse me," she said; "I can't help myself; it's so funny."

"It may be funny to you," he said, laughing in spite of himself; "but it's not funny to me."

"Of course it isn't," she replied, making a desperate effort to be serious. "Well, tell me something more about these tuners."

"Not another word," he said, gallantly. "I am ashamed of myself as it is. Come to the end of the garden and let me show you the view down into the valley."

She had conquered her fit of merriment, but her face wore a settled look of mischief, and she was evidently the possessor of some secret joke. She seemed in capital health and spirits, and had so much to say that was bright and interesting that Oswald Everard found himself becoming reconciled to the whole race of tuners. He was amazed to learn that she had walked all the way from Z——and quite alone, too.

"Oh, I don,t think anything of that," she said; "I had a splendid time, and I caught four rare butterfles. I would not have missed those for anything. As for the going about by myself, that is a second nature. Besides, I do not belong to any one. That has its advantages, and I suppose its disadvantages; but at present I have only to discover its advantages. The disadvantages will discover themselves."

"I believe you are what the novels call an advanced young woman," he said. "Perhaps you give lectures on woman's suffrage or something of that sort?"

"I have very often mounted the platform," she answered. "In fact, I am never so happy as when addressing an immense audience. A most unfeminine thing to do, isn't it? What would the lady yonder in the horse-cloth dress and billy-cock hat say? Don't you think you ought to go and help her to drive away the goat? She looks so frightened. She interests me deeply. I wonder whether she has written an essay on the 'Feminine in Woman.' I should like to read it; it would do me so much good."

"You are at least a true woman," he said, laughing, "for I see you can be spiteful. The tuning has not driven that away."

"Ah, I had forgotten about the tuning," she answered, brightly; "but now you remind me, I have been seized by a great idea."

"Won't you tell it to me?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "I keep my great ideas for myself, and work them out in secret. And this one is particularly amusing. What fun I shall have!"

"But why keep the fun to yourself?" he said. "We all want to be amused here; we all want to be stirred up; a little fun would be a charity."

"Very well, since you wish it, you shall be stirred up," she answered; "but you must give me time to work out my great idea. I do not hurry about things, not even about my professional duties. For I have a strong feeling that it is vulgar to be always amassing riches! As I have neither a husband nor a brother to support I have chosen less wealth, and more leisure to enjoy all the loveliness of life! So you see I take my time about everything. And to-morrow I shall catch butterflies at my leisure and lie among the dear old pines and work at my great idea."

"I shall catch butterflies," said her companion. "And I, too, shall lie among the dear old pines."

"Just as you please," she said; and at that moment the table d'hote bell rang.

The little girl hastened to the bureau and spoke rapidly in German to the cashier.

"Ach. Fraulein!" he said. "You are not really serious?"

"Yes, I am," she said. "I don't want them to know my name. It will worry me. Say I am the young lady who tuned the piano."

She had scarcely given the directions and mounted to her room, when Oswald Everard, who was unusually interested in his mysterous companion, came to the bureau and asked for the name of the little lady.

"Es ist das Fraulein welches das piano gestimmt hat," answered the man, returning with unusual quickness to his account book.

No one spoke to the little girl at table d'hote, but for all that she enjoyed her dinner and gave her serious attention to all the courses. Being thus solidly occupied she had not much leisure to bestow on the conversation of the other guests. Nor was it specially original; it treated of the shortcomings of the chef, the tastelessness of the soup, the toughness of the beef and all the many failings which go to complete a mountain hotel dinner. But suddenly, so it seemed to the little girl, this time honored talk passed into another phase. She heard the word music mentioned, and she became at once interested to learn what these people had to say a subject which was dear r to her than any other.

"For my own part," said a stern-looking old man, "I have no words to describe what a gracious comfort music has been to me all my life. It is the noblest language which man may understand and speak. And I sometimes think that those who know it or know something of it are able at rare moments to find an answer to life's perplexing problems."

The little girl looked up from her plate. Robert Browning's words rose to her lips, but she did not give them utterance:

God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear.
The rest may reason, and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

"I have lived through a long life," said another elderly man, "and have therefore had my share of trouble; but the grief of being obliged to give up music was the grief which held me longest, or which perhaps has never left me. I still crave for the gracious pleasure of touching once more the strings of a violincello, and hearing the dear, tender voice singing and throbing and throbbing and answering even such poor skill as mine. I still yearn to take my part in concerted music, and be one of those privileged to play Beethoven's string quartettes. But that will be in another incarnation, I think."

He glanced at his shrunken arm, and then, as though ashamed of this allusion to his own personal infirmity, he added hastily:

"But when the first pang of such a pain is over, there remains the comfort of being a listener. At first one does not think it a comfort; but, as time goes on, there is no resisting its magic influence. And Lowell said rightly 'that one of God's great charities is music."

"I did not know that you were musical, Mr. Keith," said an English lady. "You have never before spoken of music."

"Perhaps not, madam," he answered. "One does not often speak of what one cares for most of all. But when I am in London I never miss hearing our best players."

At this point others joined in, and the various merits of eminent pianists were warmly discussed.

"What a wonderful name that little English lady has made for herself!" said the Major, who was considered an authority on all subjects. "I would go anywhere to hear Miss Thyra Flowerdew. We all ought to be very proud of her. She has taken even the German musical world by storm, and they say her recitals at Paris have been brilliantly successful. I have heard her at New York, Leipsic, London, Berlin and even Chicago."

The little girl stirred uneasily in her chair.

"I don't think Miss Flowerdew has ever been to Chicago," she said.

There was a dead silence. The admirer of Miss Thyra Flowerdew looked much annoyed and twiddled his watch chain. He had meant to say Philadelphia, but he did not think it necessary to own to his mistake.

"What impertinence!" said one of the ladies to Miss Blake. "What can she know about it? Is she not the young person who tuned the piano?"

"Perhaps she tunes Miss Thyra Flowerdew's piano!" suggested Miss Blake in a loud whisper.

"You are right," said the little girl quietly. "I have often tuned Miss Flowerdew's piano."

There was another embarrassing silence; and then a lovely old lady, whom every one reverenced, came to the rescue.

"I think her playing is simply superb," she said. "Nothing that I ever hear satisfies me so entirely. She has all the tenderness of an angel's touch."

"Listening to her," said the Major, who had now recovered from his annoyance at being interrupted, "one becomes unconscious of her presence, for she is the music itself. And that is rare. It is but seldom nowadays that we are allowed to forget the personality of the player. And yet her personality is an unusual one. Having once seen her, it would not be easy to for get her. I should recognize her any where."

As he spoke he glanced at the little tuner, and could not help admiring her dignified composure under the circumstances which might have been distressing to any one; and when she rose with the others he folowed her and said stiffly:

"I regret that I was the indirect cause of putting you in an awkward position."

"It is really of no consequence," she said, brightly. "If you think I was impertinent I ask your forgiveness. I did not mean to be officious. The works were spoken before I was aware of them."

She passed into the saloon, where she found a quiet, corner for herself, and read some of the newspapers. No one took the slightest notice of her, not a word was spoken, but when she relieved the company of her presence her impertinence was commented on.

"I am sorry she heard what I said," remarked Miss Bake. But she did not seem to mind. These young women who go out into the world lose the edge of their sensitiveness and femininity. I have always observed that."

"How much they are spared then!" answered some one.

Meanwhile the little girl slept soundly; she had merry dreams, and finally woke up laughing. She hurried over her breakfast, and then stood ready to go for a butterfly hunt. She looked thoroughly happy, and evidently had found and was holding tightly the key to life's enjoyment.

Oswald Everard was waiting on the balcony and he reminded her that he intended to go with her.

"Come along, then she answered," "we must not lose a moment."

They caught butterflys, they picked flowers, they ran; they lingered by the wayside, they sang; they climbed, and he marveled at her easy speed. Nothing seemed to tire her, and everything seemed to delight her—the flowers the birds, the clouds, the grasses and the fragrance of the pine woods.

"Is it not good to live?" she cried. "Is it not splended to take in this scented air? Draw in as many long breaths as you can. Isn't it good? Don't you feel now as though you were ready to move mountains? I do. What a dear old nurse Nature is. How she pets us, and gives us the best of her treasures?"

Her happiness invaded Oswald Everwald's soul, and he felt like a scoolboy once more, rejoicing in a fine day and his liberty, with nothing to spoil the freshness of the air and nothing to threaten the freedom.

"Is it not good to live?" he cried. "Yes, indeed it is, if we know how to enjoy."

They had come upon some haymakers, and the little girl hastened up to help them. There she was in the midst of them, laughing and talking to the women and helping them to pile up the hay on the shoulders of a broad-backed man, who then conveyed his burden to a pear shaped stack. Oswalk Everwald watched his companion for a moment and then, quite forgetting his dignity as an amateur tenor singer he, too, lent his aid, and did not leave until his companion sank exhausted on the ground.

Oh," she laughed, what delightful work for a very short time! Come along, let us go into that brown chalet and ask for some milk. I am simply parched with thirst. Thank you but I prefer to carry my own flowers."

"What an indipendent little lady you are," he said.

"It is quite necessary in our profession, I can assure you," she said, with a tone of mischief in her voice. That reminds that my profession is evidently not looked upon with any favors by the visitors of the hotel, I am heartbroken to think I have not won the esteem of that lady in the billy-cock hat. What will she say to you for coming out with me? And what will she say of me for allowing you to come? I wonder whether she will say: 'How unfeminine!' I wish I could hear her!"

'I don't suppose you care," he said You seem to be a wild little bird."

"I don't care what a person of that description says," replied his companion.

"What on earth made you contradict the Major at dinner last night?" he asked. "I was not at the table, but some one told me of the incident, and I felt sorry about it. What could you know of Miss Thyra Flowerdew?"

"Well, considering that she is in my profession, of course I knew something about her," said the little girl.

"Confound it all!" he said rather rudely. "Surely there is some difference between the bellows and the organist."

"Absolutely none," she answered—"merely a variation of the original theme!"

As she spoke she knocked at the door of the chalet and asked the old dame to give them some milk. They sat in the tube, and the little girl looked about and admired the spinning wheel, and the quaint chairs, and the queer old jugs, and the pictures on the wall.

"Ah, but you shall see the other room," the old peasant woman said, and she led them into a small apartment, which was evidently intended for a study. It bore evidence of unusual taste and care, and one could see that some loving hand had been trying to make it a real sanctum of refinement. There was even a small piano. A carved book rack was fastened to the wall.

The old dame did not speak at first; she gave her guests time to recover from the astonishment which she felt they must be experiencing, then she pointed to the piano.

"I bought that for my daughters," she said, with a stange mixture of sadness and triumph. "I wanted to keep them at home with me, and I saved and saved, and got enough money to buy the piano. They had always wanted ts have one, and I thought they would then stay with me. They liked music and books, and I knew they would be glad to have a room of their own where they might read and play and study, and so I gave them this corner."

"Well, mother," asked the little girl, "and where are they this afternoon?"

"Ah!" she answered, sadly, "they did not care to stay. But it was natural enough, and I was foolish to grieve. Besides, they come to see me——"

"Add then they play to you?" asked the little girl, gently.

"They say the piano is out of tune," the old dame said. "I don't know Perhaps you can tell."

The little girl sat down to the piano and struck a few chords.

"Yes," she said. "It is badly out of tune. Give me the tuning-hammer. I am sorry," she added, smiling at Oswald Everard, "but I cannot neglect my duty. Don't wait for me."

"I will wait ror you," he said sullenly; and he went into the balcony and smoked his pipe and tried to possess his soul in patience.

When she had faithfully done her work she played a few simple melodies, such as she knew the old woman would love and understand, and she turned away when she saw that the listeners eyes were moist.

"Play once again," the old woman whispered. "I am dreaming of beautiful things."

So the little tuner touched the keys again with all the tenderness of an angel.

"Tell your daughters," she said, as she rose to say good-by, "that the piano is now in good tune. Then they will play to you the next time they come."

"I shall always remember you, mademoiselle," the old woman said; and almost unconsciously, she, too, took the childish face and kissed it.

Oswald Everard was waiting for his campanion in the hay field; and when she apologised to him for this little professional intermezzo, as she called it, he readjusted his nerves, which the noise of tuning somewhat disturbed.

"It was very good of you to tune the old dame's piano," he said looking at her with renewed interest.

"Some one had to do it, of course," she answered, brightly, "and I am glad the chance fell to me. What a comfort it is to think that the next time those daughters come to see her they will play to her, and make her very happy—poor old dear!"

"You puzzle me greatly," he said, "I cannot, for the life of me, think what made you chose your calling. You must have many gifts—any one who talks with you must see that at once; and you play quite nicely, too."

"I am sorry that my profession sticks in your throat," she answered. "Do be thankful that I am nothing worse than a tuner. For I might be something worse—a snob, for instance."

And, so speaking, she dashed after a butterfly, and left him to recover from her words. He was conscious of having deserved a reproof, and when at last he overtook her he said as much and asked for her kind indulgence.

"I forgive you," she said, laughing. "You and I are not looking at things from the same point of view, but we have had a splendid morning together and I have enjoyed every minute of it. And to-morrow I go on my way."

"And to-morrow you go," he repeated. "Can it not be the day after to morrow?"

"I am a bird of passage," she said shaking her head. "You must not seek to detain me. I have taken my rest and off I go to other climes."

They had arrived at the hotel, and Oswald Everard saw no more of his companion until the evening, when she came down rather late for table d'hote. She hurried over her dinner and went into the saloon. She closed the door and sat down to the piano, and lingered there without touching the keys. Once or twice she raised her hands and then she let them rest the notes, and half unconsciously they began to move and make sweet music, and then they drifted into Schumann's "Abendlied," and then the little girl played some of his "Kinderscenen," and some of his "Fantasiestucke," and some of his songs.

Her touch and feeling were exquisite, and her phrasing betrayed the true musician. The strains of music reached the dining-room, and one by one the guests came creeping in, moved by the music and anxious to see the musician.

The little girl did not look up; she was in a Schumann mood that evening, and only the players of Schumann know what enthralling possession he takes of their spirit. All the passion and pathos and wildness and longing had found an inspired interpreter; and those who listened to her were held by the magic which was her own secret, and had won for her such honor as comes only to the few. She understood Schumann's music, and was at her best with him.

Had she, perhaps, chosen to play his music this evening because she wished to be at her best? or was she merely being impelled by an overwhelming force within her? Perhaps it was something of both.

Was she wishing to humiliate these people who had received her so coldly? This little girl was only human; perhaps there was something of that feeling too. Who can tell? But she played as she had never played in London, or Paris, or Berlin, or New York, or Philadelphia.

At last she arrived at the Carneval, and those who heard her declared afterward that they had never listened to a more magnificent rendering. The tenderness was so restrained; the vigor was so refined. When the last notes of that spirited "Marche des Davidsbundler contre les Philistins" had died away she glanced at Oswald Everard, who was standing near her, almost dazed.

"And now my favorite piece of all," she said, and she at once began the second novelette, the finest of the eight, but seldom played in public.

What can one say of the wild rush of the leading theme and the pathetic longing of the intermezzo—

The murmuring dying notes
That fall as soft as snow on the sea;

and

The passionate strain that deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through.

What can one say of those vague aspirations and finest thoughts which possess the very dullest among us when such music as that which the little girl had chosen catches us and keeps us, if only for a passing moment, but that moment of the rarest worth and loveliness in our unlovely lives?

What can one say of the highest music, except that, like death, it is the great leveller? It gathers us all to its tender keeping—and we rest.

The little girl ceased playing. There was not a sound to be heard; the magic was still holding her listeners. When at last they had freed themselves with a sigh, they pressed forward to greet her.

"There is only one person who can play like that," cried the Major, with sudden inspiration—"she is Miss Thyra Flowerdew."

The little girl smiled.

"That is my name," she said, simply, and she slipped out of the room.

The next morning, at an early hour, the Bird of Passage took her flight onward, but she was not destined to go off unobserved. Oswald Everard saw the little figure swinging along the road, and he overtook her.

"You little wild bird!" he said; "and so this was your great idea; to have your fun out of us all, and then play to us and make us feel, I don't know how—and then to go."

"You said the company wanted stirring up," she answered; "and I rather fancy I have stirred them up."

"And what do you suppose you have done for me?" he asked.

"I hope I have proved to you that the bellows blower and the organist are sometimes identical," she answered.

But he shook his head.

"Little wild bird," he said, "you have given me a great idea, and I will tell you what it is—to tame you. So good-by for the present."

"Good-by," she said, "But wild birds are not so easily tamed."

Then she waved her hand over her head and went on her way singing.—Blackwood's Magazine.

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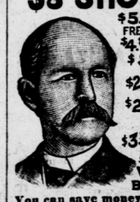
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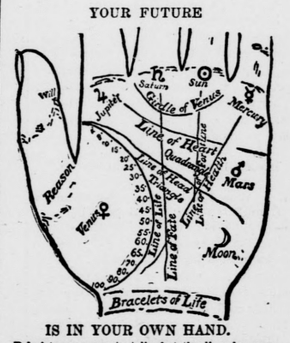
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